PLANETS IN AUGUST.

SUBSCRIPTION, \$2.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

VOLUME XXIV.—NUMBER 11.

TROY, KANSAS, THURSDAY, AUGUST 26, 1880.

Choice Poetry.

THE DYING TO HIS BETROTHED.

- Most blessed things come alleutly.
 And alleutly depart.
 So came God a dispert yesternight.
 So came God a dispert yesternight,
 All through the terturing hours of day.
 I raved in dark despair;
 Our trysting hill was for a way,
 And thou alone wert there!

- The dewy flowers in beauty lay.
 And gave their odors rure:
 The breven chilled with the leaves,
 And toned thy floating hair;
 I have it all, as here I lay,
 Timanued by fever's blight:
 For torturing thoughts, within my brain,
 Were flerver than its might.
- itat, God be ldessed, the rage is post
- But, 1994 to turneed, the trage is post. The clouds are redding by.
 And Henven's aweet tave, in summised light, New beams apout mine ever; a Vy fermy, which darkened this p. Nove glower in Schriege and the p. Nove glower in Schriege and the p. I. ree the guident bills of set in.

 Leyond the dissky night!

- Be brave, my swm-between us now is hald our Father's hand. His heart, so mighty in its love. Our holiest joy hath planned. Oh, not beneath earth's fading sky Our trysting next shall be: But in that clime that knows mu hight. There shall I wait for thee!
- Our love is blessed love, which some To native skies away; Drear storms there are in airs of earth,
- To realms where I shall go, my lave.
 I'll bear three in my heart.
 Of all the juye and dutter there.
 That it he life decreed part.
 In Heaven shall be my choice.
 And, 'mid the singing such above,
 I'll list to catch thy voice.
- The pearly gates are gleaning new, Sweet voices call me on; I hid thre he a treating leve. When likes few years are gone; Then each, white like cale are years. The sear white like shall see The sear which there for the lath done, Elevanty for me!

"AUGUST."

- I saw her traversing the wold. In the first flushes of the mor least her fraversing the wade in the first flushes of the morning; ther boolies was of wave is gold. Her boolies was do wave is gold. And gold was for whole adorning. With lighthouse food she wandered down Three smallt spot and dim recesses, And on her british a bright drawn. Shome dim above her golden tireases.
- I saw her through the meadow ways.
 At dewy even, home retitring:
 What time the sup's declining rays.
 Upon her escene were lorening.
 The whole in submiration husbred.
 Their vesiper caracte in her honor;
 And, overhead, the apples blushed.
 That from their branches looked upon her.
- Along the road, as daylight waned. The cattle drew the laden wagons with thirsty higs the reapers drained. The harvest brew from wide mouthed fit. And when athwarf her jeweled dome Low rade the silver most theveriter. The chorus of the Harvest Home. Kang underneath the ferm-house twitter.

Select Story. THE SOLDIER'S SON.

BY FRANCIS A, DURIVAGE.

Many, many years ago, at the close of a sultry summer's day, a man of middle age was slowly toiling up a hill in the envirous of the pleasant village of Aumont, a small town in the south of France. The wayfarer was clad in the habilments of a private of the infantry of the line—that is to say, he wore a long-skirted blue coat faced with red, much soiled and stained, kerseymere breeches that were once white, met at the knees by tattered gaiters of black cloth, an old battered chapsan, and a havensack, which he carried slung over his right shoulder, on a

battered chapean, and a navegace, which as carried sings over his right shoulder, on a sheathed sabre. From time to time he paused, and wiped the heavy drops of perspiration that gathered constantly upon his forehead.

"Courage, Francois! courage!" said the solidier to himself, "in few paces more, and you will reach home. Ah, this is sufficient fatiguing, but nothing to the sands of Egypt! May heaven preserve my eyesight long enough to see my home, my wife, my brave boy Vietor, once more! Grant me but that, kind Heaven, and I think I will repine at nothing that may happen further?"

It will be seen from the above, that Francois Bertrand belonged to the army which had recently covered itself with glory in the Egyptian campaigu, under the command of General Honaparte, a name already famous in military anamels. We had fought like a hero in the battle of the Pyramids, when the squares of the Freuch infantry repulsed the brilliant exvalry of Murad Bey, and destroyed the flower of the Manuelnkes by the deadly fire of their musketry. Wounded in that memorable battle, he was afterwards attacked by the ophthalmia of the country—but his eye-sight, though impaired, was not yet utterly destroyed. Honorably discharged, be had just arrived at Marsailles from Egypt, and was now on his way home, eager to be folded in the arms of his beloved wife, and his young son. So the soldier toiled bravely up the hill, for he knew that the white walls of his cottage, and the foliage of his little vineyard, would be visible in the valley commanded by the summit.

At length he reached the brow of the hill, and gazed eagerly in the direction of his humble home—but, O, agony, it was gone! In its place a heap of blackened ruins lay smouldering in the smilght that seemed to mock its desolation. Fatigne and weakness were instantly forgotten, and the soldier roushed down the brow of the hill, to the scene of the disaster. At the gate of his vineyard, he was met by little Victor, a bey of ten.

of ten.

"A soldier!" cried the boy, who did not resignize his father. "O, sir, you come back from the sears—don't you! Perhaps you can tell me samething about my poor papa."

"Victor, my hoy—my dear boy! Don't you know me!" cried the poor soldier; and he strained his son convulsively in his arms.

"O, I know you now, my dear, dear papa." said the boy, solding. "I knew you by your voice—but how changed you are! Why, your mustaches are turned gray."

"Victor, Victor, where is your mother!" gasp—

"Speak, I charge you, loo?"

"She is dead."

"Dead."

Francois fell to the ground as if a bullet had passed through his brain. When he recovered his senses, he saw Victor kneeling beside him, and bathing his head with cold water, which he had brought in his lutt, from a neighboring spring. In a few words, the child told him their cottage had taken fire in the night and lurned to the ground, and his mother had perished in the flames.

A kind cottager soon made his appearance, and conducted the father and son to his humble cabin. Here they passed the night, and one or two days following. During that time, Francois Hertrand neither are nor slept, but wept over his misfortnne with an agony that refused all consolution. On the third day only, he regained his composure, but it was only to a consciousness of a new and overwhelming misfortune—his eyesight was gone. The agony of mind he had sufferd, and the tears he had sled, had completed the rayages of his disorder.

"Where are you, Victor "said the soldier.

"Here, by your side, father. Don't you see me?"

"Alas! no, my boy. I can see nothing; give

"Here, by your suc, father, but you see me?"

"Alas! no, my boy. I can see nothing; give me your little hand. Your poor father is blind."

The agenizing sobs of the boy, told him how keenly he appreciated his father's misfortune.

"Dry your eyes, Victor," said the soldier.
"Remember the instructions of your poor mother—how she taught you to submit with resignation to all the sufferings that Previdence sees fit to inflict upon us in this world of sorrow, Henceforth you must see for both of us—you will be my eyes, my boy."

ical wants were supplied. But the old soldier often sighed to think of the burden his misfortunes imposed upon his boy, and of his wearing out his young life without congenial companionship, without instruction, without a future beyond the life of a mendicant. He often prayed in secret that death might liberate his little guide from his voluntary service.

One day, Francois was seated alone on a stone by the roadside, victor having gone to a neighboring village on an errand, when he suddenly heard a carriage stop beside him. The secupant, a man of middle age, alighted and approached the soldier.

"Your name," said the stranger, "is, I think, Francois Bertrand?"

"A soldier in the army of Egypt?"

"Yes,"

"And that pretty boy who guides you is your

"Yes."

"And that pretty boy who guides you is your son?"

"He is, Heaven bless him."

"Amen? But has it never occurred to you, my friend, that you are doing him great hijustice in keeping him by you at an age when he ought to be getting an education, to enable him to push his way in the world?"

"Alas? sir, I have often thought of it. But what could supply his place? And then who would befriend and educate him?"

"His place might be supplied by a dog—and for his protector, I myself, who have no son, should be glad to adopt and educate him."

His son's place supplied by a dog? The thought was agony. And to part with Victor—the idea was as ernel as death itself. The old soldier was silent.

"You are silent, my friend. Has my offer offended you?"

"No, sir, no. But you will pardon a father's feelings."

"I respect them, and I do not wish to hurry you. Take a day to think of my proposition, and to inform yourself respecting my character and position. I am a merchant. My name is Engene Marmont, and I reside at No. 17 Rne 8t. Honore, Paris. I will meet you at this spot tomorrow at the same hour, and shall then expect an answer. As Revoir?" He placed a golden louis in the hand of the soldier, and departed.

A little reflection convinced Bertrand that it was his duty to accept the merchant's offer, But cruel as was the task of reconciling himself to parting with his son, that of inducing Victor to acquiesce in the arrangement, was yet more difficult. It required the exercise of authority to sever the ties that bound the son to the father. But it was done-Victor resigned his task to a little dog that was procured by the merchant, and after an agonizing farewell, was whirled away in Mr. Marmont's carriage.

Years passed on. Victor outstripped all his companions at school, and stood at the head of the military academy; for he was striving to win a name and fortune for his father. The good harmont, from time to time, endeavored to obtain tislings of the soldier, but the latter had purposely changed his usual route; and, s

Miscellancous.

The late of posting seeds and experted on the days of posting seeds and posting in the days of posting seeds and posting in the days of p soul to inform yourself respecting my character and position. I am a merchant. Wy name is Eugene Marmont, and I reside at No. 17 Rue 8t. Honore, Paris. I will neet you at this spot to morrow at the same hour, and shall then expect an answer. As Revoir." He placed a golden louis in the hand of the soldier, and departed. A little refection convinced Bertrard that it was his duty to accept the merchant's offer, But cruel as was the task of reconciling himself to parting with his son, that of inducing Victor to acquise in the arrangement, was yet more different of the transparent of the parting of transportation on our great Western rivers as the flat-boat that possed away. It may almost be said to be a thing of the past, and it the associated to be a thing of the past, and it to be a thing of the past, and it to be a thing of the past, and it to be a thing of the past, and it to be a thing of the past, and it to be a thing of the past, and it to be a story of the was striving to will be a strong of the past and the past of the military academy; for he was striving to will be a strong of the past of the military academy; for he was striving to will be a strong of the past of the military academy; for he was striving to will be a strong of the past of the military academy; for he was striving to will be a strong of the past will be companion. The boy himself was much distressed at the seeing or hearing from his father, but he kept struggling on, saying to himself, "Courage, Fieter, he has treaps circular "—the good time will come.

On the death of Marmont, he entered the army as sub-licutenant, and fought his vary up to a captaincy, under the eye of the Emperor. At the chase of a birtiliant campaign, he was irrivited by the past of t

bille that his affection was returned. But he first,—a close which, like the randomic set of same planed to promp of the control of the posses of the same, with a special with adapt.—They were negly to the control of the posses of the same, with the posses of the garden of the control of the posses of the same, with the posses of the same of the posses of the same of the posses of the posses

Political.

A CAMPAIGN SONG ette has written a campaign song for th lege, which we commend to the Hancock County. Set to stirring music, it would to be sung at their Hancock gatherings

Oh, you chased us out of Donnelson,
And out of Tennessee;
You gobbled our fortresses one by one,
And never would let us be.
You penulou us up in Verksburg town.
Where we drank a bitter cup;
For the stars and lars came fluitering down,
And the stars and lars went up.

CHORES—Then about face! Backward march!
Rauning in full retreat;
While with fire and suncke and salare stroke,
You followed our flying feet.

So, early and late, from State to State.]
You worried us more and more:
But you couldn't shate our tireless hate,
By thrashing as in the war.
So we never lost heart when Richmond fell,
And the Union its battles had won;
But we wowed you should hear the Rebei yell.
In the city of Washington.

Chout's—Then, about face! Forward march! Our long retreat was done; The dongle faced Democrate joined our ranks, And we captured Washington.

Texas Chapter from Ger

So we've turned the Union soldiers out.
And put the Rebels in:
We've drowned by our feeths Union chant.
With our hat-bul Rebel din.
We rake in the Treasury bitus for pelf.
And the plansler we exject.
While we give far places to the men who helped
The Georemann to destroy.

"Wight in my rags, before all that grand." When the state is not the chairs, to present which the interest of the control that the state of the chairs of the chair of the chairs of the

A TERRIBLE INDICTMENT.

The Austin (Texas) Wockesbiatt has just furnished its German readers with a chapter of history which is important in this connection. In 1808 a State Constitutional Convention assembled in Texas, and appointed a committee to examine into and report upon the condition of that State as to the notable increase of crime and the mon-execution of the laws. On the 28th of June, 1808, the committee reported, and its report was subsequently unanimously adopted. The following concluding part is quoted from the Wockeoblett, and may be found on page 183 of the proceedings of the Texas Reconstruction Convention of 1808:

It is by no means difficult to locate the responsibility of the increase of crime. Before General Hancock assumed command of the Fifth Military District there existed, to a certain degree, somewhat of a regard and respect for human life in Texas. The numerous arrests of criminals by the military authorities, and the prospect of an examination and trial before a military court, imbued bad men with a wholesome fear. After the issuing and publishing of general order No. 40 by the headquarters of the Fifth Military District, dated Nov. 29 1807, a decidetly different and troublesome spirit manifested itself all over the State. This order was interpreted and expounded as proclaiming military authority subordinate to civil law in the trial of criminals, and therefore it was regarded—because criminals have little fear and respect for civil authorials have little fear and respect for civil authorials have little fear and respect for civil authorials

The depth and properly give more within a properly depth and the pro

This is the third time they have laid themselves out to capture the soldiers, and the soldiers are older, wher, and more cantious by fitteen or twenty years of experience than they were when the Democrate first attempted to put ask on the tail of the soldier's vote.—Nebrusha male Januari,

A sure way for the Republicans to increase their majority would be for them to circulate photographs of English. He looks exactly as his letter of acceptance reads.—N. Y. Tribuse.

General Hancock's letter of acceptance was evidently written for the Fourth of July, but was delayed out of deference to the ghost of the late Mr. Tilden.—N. Y. Mail.

HARE! THE PEOPLE ARE SPEAKING!

BY T. B. LESSEE Hark! The people are speaking? And the vaice is majestic and grand. That gave up from the vest rolling peairs. And echoes all over the lam! It comes from the brone that is carried. Way down from the coast of old Mainly. And goes up from the monathins and will. And so they from the monathins and point. We're coming with the good old ting. The old flag of the free! And Colombia e loyal some shall rule And Colombia e loyal some shall:
This land from sea to sea!
Howah! Huttah for Garfield!

Hark! The people are speaking!
And, the lattle for right to cross.
They sally substitute of the lattle for the lattle.
The loyal the brave, and the true.
And the vince-drawns the yell of the lattle.
As its thunder tones echo again
From desect, and pericie, and wouldind.
And nountain, and hill-top, and glen.

"We're coming with the good old flag. The old flag of the free! And Colmbia's loyal sons shall rule. This land from sea to sea! Hurrah! Hurrah for Clarified! The statesman tried and true! Hark! The people are speaking!
And traiters exact into their index.
As the vote in its majesty thunders,
And over the continent rolls?
And see! All the layed wid legions
Are coming with banners unfuried,
And the vote of the people is ringing.
You can hour it all ever the worls.

A PARTY WITH AN AWYUL RECORD.—The fa-tal feature in the Democratic effuction is that, no matter what may be inscribed on platforms, no matter what mass meeting resolutions may declare, no matter what elequent speakers may say, no matter how profuse promises may be put forth, the party is compelled to confront a dis-mal story of its ineapacity, treachery, neglect and broken pledges, in respect to all the import-ant living question of the day.—N. F. Ecraing Past.

WHOLE NUMBER, 1,207.

THE HON. (1) WILLIAM H. ENGLISH

THE HON. (1) WILLIAM H. ENGLISH.

He will see the newspapers of the country for libel. Why not? Suits in chameery and at common law are his meat and drink. He breakfasts off a bill of foreclosures, dines on a personal suit to recover the balance, sups on half-a-drozen actions for forcible entry and detainer, and dreams sweetly of exacting not only the pound of flesh, but of helding a basin to catch the drops of blood which traikle from the gaping wears, the state present drinkle from the gaping wears, the is the present drinkle from the gaping wears, the state of the Peace to the courts. He is always in hot pursuit of justice, and he seeks it everywhere, from the dingy back office of the Justice of the Peace to the carpeted "chambers" of the "High Court of Chameery," He lives in an atmosphere of practices, capiases, summons, declarations, pleas, decreas, judgments, executions, and writs of ejectment.

The correspondent of the Cinchmati Commorcial has been poking his moss into English's private affairs, asdisclosed by the public records of Marion County, in a most disagreeable, not to say insulting manner. He deserves to be seed for libel, not at the close of the pending campaign, but now, summarily. But he has collected a variety of statistics of an exceedingly interesting character, as showing Mr. Edglish's fondness for litigation, and his intimacy with the Sheriff, which, under the circumstances, the public would feel Justity grieved to be deprived of. One item is of especial interest, as showing what a passion the Democratic candidate for the Vice-Presidency has for acquiring a landed estate. This passion seems to have seized upon him seem after the pane of 1872. He was very considerate about it, however. He did not go round among his neighbors and beg them to part with their laid in the nature of the land there is an all loss as security, and when they got tired of paying principal and interest, he kindly look their property off their hands by the process of foreclosure. In this way it has a very look a per

The content of the power of all contents of the power of the